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Office Over Kelly's Jewelry Store,
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Remarks of Hon. James A. McKen-zie in Presenting the Name of John G. Carlisle to the Chicago Convention.

Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the National Convention—I desire in the name of the State that will give 50,000 majority to the nominee of this Convention [applause] to place in nomination for the highest office within the reach of human ambition the name of the present distinguished Speaker of the American Congress, John G. Carlisle. [Cheers.] In all essential characteristics—manliness and courage and ability and patriotism—he is the peer of any great name that will be mentioned in this great Convention. [Applause.] The Presidency of the United States is a position of such transcendent honor and dignity and responsibility that only such as those whose names the republic delights to honor should be named in the Convention. His all health has compelled the retirement from the arena of politics of the Sage of Greystone. [Applause.] No name carries with it more of talismanic charm and respect of the American people than that of John G. Carlisle. It behooves this Convention in the great exigency of our National affairs, and when it seems to me that we have but to pluck the success that is in our sight, that we should name for the great office of President a man not born for the smaller, selfish schemes, but a man to whom dishonor is unknown, a man made up of greatness; one who brings the victor's birthright in his name alone. Such a man is John G. Carlisle. [Applause.] It may be urged, gentlemen, that he comes from the wrong side of the river, but, my God, if the statute ever is to run against that it ought to begin now. [Applause.] I belong to a class of men who believe the war is over. [Applause.] I belong to a class of men who believe that there is as much honor and virtue and patriotism in the South as there is anywhere else on God's earth. [Applause.] I appeal to the sentiment of this convention, representing the intelligence of the Democracy of America, if I come before it with any unnatural plea when I ask you to recognize the arbitrament of the sword has settled the war, and we present you a peace offering in the person of John G. Carlisle.

Carlisle and the Republican party present a contrast to which I would like to invite the attention of this convention. One a combination and a form indeed where, if ever, a God had seemed to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man; the other, leprous with accusation, and covered and tattooed all over with bribery, fraud and corruption. The Democratic party, under Carlisle's leadership, would become the antithesis of everything which the worst elements of the Republican party advocate and espouse, and God knows there are worse elements in that party than in any other party on the face of the earth. [Laughter and applause.] That party would represent the spirit of order rather than the genius of riot; it would represent the dominion of law rather than the recklessness of license; it would represent a betterment of our civil service rather than the longer continuance of a reign of spoils and jobbery.

(The speaker had been directing most of his remarks to the Chairman, and there were loud cries for him to turn around and face his audience. The speaker continued, but apparently not understanding what was wanted, he again faced the speaker and continued.)

It would appear the conservatism of the country with the announcement that the Presidency should be regarded as a great public trust and not as a personal perquisite. (At this point the demands of the audience became so vociferous that the speaker turned around and faced them. He inquired of the Chairman what was wanted, who replied that they wanted him to face the audience. He then came forward, and in a voice to be heard all over the house said.)

All right, I ain't afraid to face you. [Laughter and applause.] I would announce that corporations should be under the dominion of the law, and not the law and lawmakers be under the dominion of the corporations; that our lost commerce should be restored to its rightful place on the high seas—[cheers]—rather than that our sailorless ships should fall down piecemeal and our carrying trade come and go in foreign bottoms. Above all and above everything it would announce that the war taxes should be put on a basis, rather than that peace taxes should be continued on a war basis. It would announce that our public domain should be utilized as homes for American people [cheers], rather than as seigniories for foreign syndicates and railroad corporations [cheers], and it would announce to the country that there should be demanded honesty, capacity and integrity of every person intrusted with political power or public place [cheers], rather than the longer continuance of a civil service in which personal fealty is the highest test of qualifications, and in which dishonesty and incompetency are not infrequent exceptions to the general rule. I invoke upon this National Convention the spirit of peace and harmony. Will you have need of 50,000 Ken-

tucky votes when you come to make up the sum total of the result in November? I urge Mr. Carlisle's claim with less hesitation when I reflect that of the 201 electoral votes necessary to secure a Democratic President we propose in the South to furnish you 153 of them and not charge you a cent for them. [Laughter and applause.] We are all a Democratic family. Do not let us fall out about questions of detail. I want to see this country sectionized on parallels of longitude as well as on parallels of latitude. I want to live to see the time, and I believe I will live to see that time, when the spirit of such confraternity will exist between the sections, North and South, as to obliterate all unpleasant memories of the war. [Applause.] I have read in English history that when the forces of Oliver Cromwell were lying upon their arms awaiting battle they were frequently engaged in angry dispute concerning matters of faith. But when the order to charge came down that line from Old Ironsides, with the forces of Prince Rupert in front they forgot their differences and had no thought but victory until success crowned the arms of the Protectorate. The honorable gentleman, the Chairman of this Democratic host will shortly give the command to charge all along the line. [Applause.] Laying aside, then all differences, all dissensions, all bickerings and all strife, let us charge the Republican party front and rear, and with John G. Carlisle at the head of the column, win such a victory as was won by the Puritan soldiery over the forces of Charles at Naseby and Marston Moor. [Applause.]

THE TRAMP PRINTER.
W. M. KENNEDY.

If we look into the A box of history we find no trace of the tramp printer; and yet, it is probable that his first parents began business in the Garden of Eden, where they—in direct opposition to the rules—partook a little of the tree of knowledge, and were, therefore, "snaked" out of the establishment.

The more immediate genealogy of the tramp printer cannot be distinctly traced, but, from his marked peculiarities, it would seem as if he was a cross between a republican carpet bagger and the town cow, so completely does he personify perambulating impertinence and perpetual perversity.

He is a typographic error, on legs; a wrong font letter in the columns of men, and leaves, wherever he goes, a bad impression on the tympan of fraternal conduct. He comes, when you don't want him; and goes, when you do.

When he comes, if he happens to be an old case, he steps briskly, with a martial tread, into the sanctum, looking as hollow-chested as a box of imported strawberries, and as neatly dressed as a man after a drink—tosses out of shoes, breeches in ribbons about the heels, and as he passes by your desk, he observes with a courteous nod, "see foreman of other room." He goes in and in some way becomes solid with the boys. He gains a case, through mere force of circumstances, before you fully know it. Indeed, your force of circumstances and his suffering poverty he relies upon with as much courageous faith to see him through, as friend Otis would on an "all hard," or president Clinton on a "full back," or two bowlers to take a trick. You will perceive by the masterly movement the tramp has executed to elude the mighty proprietor, in order to reach more hospitable hands, that experience has educated his conduct and taught him to know that the average country editor, who sits in his sanctum, is a man of fine discriminating powers. [Boys, this is delicate taffy for the editors; they will believe it; but you, of course, know better.] The tramp, usually, has not been at work more than a few hours before he comes to you for a quarter to get his "washing." If he gets it, he goes out to see a friend and soon transmits this fractional dollar of our daddies into liquid nourishment. The average tramp printer has more "washing" that requires public attention than a Colorado congressman, and, like him, too, he alarms—yes, fairly astounds—his associates, by his frequent motions for public appropriations, for purely irrigating purposes.

There are three distinct classes of tramp printers. First comes the "Blacksmith." He lacks both the intelligence and the skill to hold a permanent situation in any office; he travels to live and he lives to travel; he lives off the earnings of honest men, whose only sympathy with him in fact, is in the sound of the word "printer." He uses this sweet sound, the industrious craftsman's pride, to gain hospitality, and then defiles it, having already stolen his trade, he requires only an opportunity to steal everything else at his command. He is to a printer what a thistle is to a rose. I have had them, and when I missed him, I missed at the same time, brass flourishes, the vital parts of fancy, ornamental borders, writing paper, stamps, umbrellas, gold pens, etc. He is trying to speak of him with patience. To think of him with the idea of expressing your thoughts, bares before you the vital poverty of the English tongue, and makes you wish

that it had in classic mold the verbal power of piratical profanity.

The second class consists of the tramp par excellence. He is an excellent printer. Go look in his stick. Ah! he even justifies a line with a masterly finish. But he is a migratory animal. You can no more confine him to one locality than you can the nightingale. "But he drinks?" Yes, he drinks. He has all the faults of his good qualities. Knowing and observing this class intimately—seeing their strength and recognizing their weakness—I have sometimes thought this: That there are men with natures too mellow and generous to endure the treacherous temptations of this world.

The third class consists of worthy printers, most of them single men, but many of them with wives and children dependent on them for support, cast by the vicissitudes of life into the highway of endeavor. The wheel of fortune is uncertain in its revolutions. The spokes that are up to-day may be down to-morrow, and vice versa. Some of the noblest and brightest men that illumine the pages of history, have had to look the world in the face in this way as tramp printers. Nature imposes upon her children an unnecessary burden, and the men richest in all the elements of real manhood and noble character, are often conveniently carry all their possessions with them. Brothers, "Be not forgetful," then, "to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unaware."

Do unto such a tramp as you would have him, and as probably he would, do unto you, under like circumstances. Possession is not the true signet of desert. Men of the highest ambition and greatest powers have failed; therefore, the shining creed I preach is this: If God, Nature, the First Great Cause—under whatever trinity of names you prefer to call Him—if Providence has been kind to you, be kind to your fellowman.

Transcribing from a long list on the record of my memory, the name only of the noble old tramps who, have been "composed" by Death, there appears:

Larry Cook, Singleberry, Geo. Washington Matchett, Peter P. Lee, Henry Stephens.

When their work was done, their proof taken and submitted for inspection to the Great Impartial Reader of all inscrutable work, His benign judgment, I feel, was this: Boys, your proof is most shameful, its pure margin is one blot of errors, but your work is not as bad as it seems; the case you set out of was not of your own distributing, besides, I observe it had in it many wrong font letters, and the manuscript before you in life for guidance, was the most trying. Here, take this golden rule; it is a passport to gain celestial admission; show it to my foreman and he will assign you a case in my kingdom, which you may hold forever.

Bound to be a Bride.

[LARRY, VAN, DISPATCH.]

Miss Jellis Storm and Mr. Rudolph Claycey got on the Shenandoah Valley train at Patterson, Wednesday.

The girl is a pretty brunette aged twenty-five, and Claycey is a red-headed and not handsome young man of twenty-one. They got aboard the train early, bound for the place to get married, as the passengers were not slow in finding out. Shortly after the train started the young man suddenly left the side of the expectant bride, and took a passenger into the corner of the coach and proceeded to inform him that he had arrived at the conclusion that he did not want to get married. He asked the passenger if he could not suggest some way which he could get out of the dilemma. The gentleman advised him to get on the southbound train where the two passed each other at Marksville, and in that way get out of reach of the young lady. The passenger promised to give the deserted girl enough money to return to her home. Claycey, acting upon the suggestion, stole away undetected, and got upon the down train, and was ten miles away before the young lady discovered his desertion, and at the next station she left the train, refusing indignantly the offer of the escort and money for her return. She then proceeded to walk down the track in the direction her recent lover had taken. She reached Patterson to-day, having walked forty-seven miles. She went at once to the store in which Claycey clerked, and asked him pleasantly to step outside. The result of the conversation was that he joined her an hour afterward, and the two got on the train for another direction. They reached Hagerstown, this evening and were married. It is envied in mystery. The bride is pretty, popular and modest. It is said that the parents of the groom objected to her because she was older than Claycey, and not his equal in social position.

A Long Branch Sensation.

Long Branch, N. Y., July 12.—This week the guests of the Newport, at Key East, have enjoyed a sensation. Before the opening of the house, A. E. Dick, the proprietor, engaged Henry Martin as manager of his casino. Mr. Martin filled the same position last year, and when he said he would

like to have his cousin Wesley Parker as an assistant this season Dick agreed. Wesley came here two weeks ago. He was in appearance a slightly-built young fellow, with short and wavy hair and effeminate-looking face. He wore baggy trousers and a roomy flannel shirt which was evidently several sizes too large. Last night Wesley affronted the cook of the hotel, who slapped his face with great energy and considerable force. Wesley went to the casino and complained to Martin, who ran to the kitchen, white with rage, and attacked the cook. Mr. Dick was called in, and then it was found that the supposed boy Wesley was really Martin's wife. They had been married but a short time and were greatly devoted to each other. As there was no suitable place for Mrs. Martin, she had to cut off her hair, put on men's clothing, and take a position in the casino so as to be with her husband during the summer. Her hair was long heavy and naturally wavy. The discovery of her sex caused great excitement among the guests of the Newport, and Mrs. Martin was so abashed that she and her husband left to-day.

TRENTON, KY.

July 14.
The Moon-light picnic fever doesn't abate any. The colored people are now indulging in this harmless amusement.

The "City Dads" are building plank walks in the western portion of the city.

A large party of young people from this place attended a moonlight at Mr. Ed Camp's, Friday night.

We are indebted to Mr. L. H. Arnold our efficient post master, for a joke on a certain dude near this place. He stepped in the post office the other day and found the P. M. reading a paper; the following conversation ensued, Dude: "Well Mr. Arnold, what's the news?"

P. M. "Nothing much; the Dutch have taken Holland!"

Dude—"Is that so? Well I thought their fellows would get to fighting pretty soon. Good evening!"

We tried to get the young man's name to hand down to future generations, but the P. M. kept "mum."

Rev. W. H. Ryals preached to a large congregation at the Baptist Church last night. Subject Moral Courage.

Mr. Robt. Vance, one of the legal light, of Henderson, paid our city a visit yesterday.

Mr. Merritt, of Hadesville, took in the town yesterday.

Large number of our farmers will commence threshing wheat to-day.

Misses Maggie and Dora Flowers, two of the sweetest that bloom in Logan county, returned home this morning, after a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Vick, two miles west of this city.

Thos. Epperson and lady, of Nashville, are guests of the Rutherford House.

Mr. O. W. Wilson has returned home after an extended visit to the South.

Mr. B. L. Bradley came up from Pembroke Saturday. He reports every thing lovely especially the girls in Christian County.

Ellie Yost is quite sick with the flux. This complaint is gradually spreading all over this country. Too much care can not be taken in regard to the food we eat.

Rev. V. P. Thomas returned from Bowling Green last Friday. He reports his good wife improving.

A strange death of a little girl accidentally swallowing a lightning bug is reported from Concord. The child was playing in the yard with a number of other children at her parents' house, near Obell's factory, and while laughing and romping about a lightning bug flew into her mouth and made its way down her throat. The little girl became ill, and though physicians did everything to relieve her suffering, she died within a few hours afterward. This is the first death from such a cause on record.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

The Democrats of Lucas county, O. have nominated a local ticket composed entirely of red-headed men, and they sing a campaign song set to the tune of "My Love is Like the Red Red Rose."—Logan Times.

The baptismal name was Stephen Grover Cleveland, but he took to parting it in the middle and early lost the initial portion. This is one more tie that binds him to the dude Independent.—Louisville Times.

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McKEE & P'POOL, Prop's.
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